Cuddle Me Better

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Cuddle Me Better

by DancingSkys

Summary

Mistakes can happen and sometimes everything feels normal before it suddenly all goes downhill which is why there are safewords.

Notes

Finally a Safeword story. I know many have been waiting for this and it was requested multiple times. I'm already writing on another one but that won't be up for a while. I just want to show different reasons as to why a safeword might be used.

As for this; Well... what to say. There is a bit of punishment talk in the first part and it might be a bit confusing. I tried to write it to the best of my abilities but it's a complicated topic so please ask if you have any questions.
I really hope this story isn't too confusing or anything. The tags might sound really harsh but give this a shot, it's not as bad as you might think judging from the tags.

Once again feeling very uncreative with my titles...

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Yoongi and Namjoon had explored their boundaries quite often and the younger liked it when the lawyer pushed him to his limits, playing with him for several hours and leaving him feeling so good, relaxed, content and happy afterwards. He loved it and he loved the way Namjoon would take care of him afterwards, cuddling him close and telling him how good he did.

Of course he had been punished several times for stepping out of line, forgetting to pay his dom the needed respect or for being a little rebellious. He liked testing his limits from time to time as well but Namjoon had told him he was a very obedient and submissive sub compared to others. Every relationship was different after all but Yoongi got the most pleasure out of making Namjoon proud, listening to his commands and pleasing him to the best of his abilities. He was willing to do almost anything for his dom, trusting him fully and Namjoon knew how important, precious and meaningful that trust was.

He took pride in having a sub like Yoongi who looked at him with heart eyes, absorbing every word he said and always waiting for further instructions attentively no matter how many times he had been denied an orgasm, how long he had been edged, how many blows with a paddle he had gotten or how much Namjoon stepped on his pride, humiliating him until there were tears rolling down his flushed cheeks, whole body shaking and eyes blown wide in lust. He loved pleasing his dom and the lawyer knew that, he would be a horrible dom if he hadn't figured out after just some sessions, so he made sure to praise the younger whenever he earned it, feeding that desire for more inside of him. Yoongi had meanwhile gotten more sure of himself, trying out different things and allowing Namjoon to experiment with his body.

Nevertheless, mistakes could still happen, no one was safe from doing mistakes because everyone was human deep down, no matter how perfect they seemed to be.

Namjoon didn't deal well with mistakes. It was his responsibility to make sure Yoongi was safe and there was no room for any mistakes. He was dealing with another human being, someone who had given all control over to him and they trusted them that they were in safe

hands.

No, Namjoon didn't deal well with mistakes, especially concerning anything that happened during a scene since it could really hurt someone and leave lasting damage.

Still, sometimes it was not within his power to prevent mistakes from happening.

Yoongi was wailing loudly as the paddle came down again, striking his right buttcheek and causing him to jerk slightly, hands tied to the headboard with big leather cuffs. Tears were streaming down his face and he had trouble breathing in this kind of position, ass up in the air and presented to his dom, without doubt red and bruised already from the many hits which wasn' difficult to achieve since he bruised pretty easily who drove Namjoon crazy sometimes.

The older had told him to strip pretty much as soon as he had stepped through the door after asking that one question which always initiated they scenes. Yoongi had felt like dropping to his knees immediately and just spending the next few hours sitting at his dom's feet, hugging his legs and drooling - he never drooled… Namjoon had made that up… *cough cough* - all over his thigh while he humped his legs if the older allowed him to after he had riled Yoongi up only to deny him his orgasmn. But the elder had other plans, taking Yoongi to the bedroom, telling him how pretty he looked and making him feel all gooey and fuzzy inside, cheeks flaming red and legs wobbly with the many compliments he received within just minutes.

Namjoon had said such a beauty had to know whom he belonged to so he should let Sir take care of him and make him feel real good.

And oh did Sir make his sub feel good, smoothing his hands all over his sub's body once he had cuffed him to the headboard, running his fingers over every available surface, teasing his sensitive spots and littering his skin with kisses and small marks before picking up one of the paddles and tapping his sub's behind lightly, the student shuddering in response and arching his back as if to push out his butt even further and signalizing once again that he willingly submitted to his dom. The older loved seeing the mint-haired doing this, showing his submission without hesitation and so willingly, it made him feel powerful, trusted and respected, just what he wanted.

He knew Yoongi liked the paddle. The younger didn't like being

spanked with just a bare hand which is why it was perfect as a punishment but somehow the thought of a paddle or crop on his body sparked the younger's interest a lot more which is why those were not used as a punishment but rather for playing. It was important to differentiate the two, otherwise the whole idea of a punishment would be thrown out of the window.

Something many people often forgot is that a real punishment is only used to correct bad behavior or mistakes. Some subs like testing their doms to get them to punish them. This is where something has gone wrong already. What a sub wants should never be a punishment since those are not something enjoyable.

If a sub loves to be spanked until they are crying and hurting all over with a bruised bottom then this is not suited for being a punishment. If said sub is going against their dom because they want them to spank them because it has been used as a punishment before… well, the punishment has already lost its meaning at that point.

A real punishment should be something unenjoyable but not something the sub is against which they have clarified to be a hard limit, something which they never want to do or don't want to have their dom do to them.

For Yoongi for example that would be bleeding. If Namjoon were to punish the younger by making him bleed that would be unforgivable and reason enough for a sub to leave their dom permanently. Instead Namjoon knew his sub didn't like being spanked or having to swallow his own cum but was okay with it as a light punishment. There was a very big difference and people needed to acknowledge this as well as know what set apart a real punishment from a 'faked' punishment. Those could be seen as play where the dom acts as if they are punishing their sub but have to clarify the sub hasn't done anything wrong and is not punished for stepping out of line or disregarding rules for real but simply because they enjoy the thrill of feeling naughty and being punished in return.

There are also different ways of punishing a sub. Some mishaps are more severe than others. Sometimes punishments can be included into a play when the dom gives their sub a task and punishes them if they fail to complete it.

Namjoon often gave Yoongi a certain amount of time to do something and said beforehand what would happen if he couldn't complete the task such as not letting him come or making him swallow his own

cum. Spanking was used for when Yoongi forgot to answer a question, one spank per mishap and if it happened several times he'd get a session of ten to twenty spanks, depending on how often he hadn't answered.

More severe mistakes such as coming without permission or disregarding orders called for more drastic measures where the punishment was to really ensure that this would not happen again whereas swallowing his own cum was more of a lack of a reward for Yoongi but not drastic enough for him to be scared of not being able to finish his tasks to the point where he'd didn't enjoy the tasks anymore.

It was difficult to explain in a general manner since not everything worked for everyone in the same way.

Another thing which was immensely important to Namjoon was the safeword. He would never ever punish Yoongi for using his safeword or even dare to discourage him from using it. He knew some doms complained when their sub used their safeword and he really wished he could punch all of them. The safeword was so, so important. So much could go wrong during a scene and it was to protect the sub from being pushed into things they didn't feel comfortable with, it was to make sure they felt safe and knew they could back out at any time.

There was nothing wrong with using a safeword, some used it every second time, some almost never. There was nothing right or wrong about it as long as everyone was okay with their kind of relationship. They just all worked differently and couldn't be compared.

As a dom it was also reassuring to know your sub wouldn't hesitate to use their safeword. It didn't mean you had a free pass to do as you pleased, you just wouldn't have to doubt yourself and could trust your partner to say something if things started feeling wrong which Yoongi thankfully did.

The student choked on his breath and his body jerked as the paddle stroke his butt again, panting into the sheets underneath him and wishing his legs would stop shaking, whining because he couldn't move his arms. He was dizzy, not knowing whether the paddle would strike him left or right next time and he felt his stomach tensing uncomfortably, feeling exhausted and lightheaded suddenly. Not the good kind, more the 'I really can't take this anymore and I think I'm

about to pass out' kind of exhausted and lightheaded.

Until now he had really enjoyed the paddling session, arousal rushing through his body and pleasure spiking up his spine with every hit but it seemed some line he didn't know existed had been crossed and made the boy feel sick all of the sudden, all hints of arousal disappearing and turning into something he certainly did not enjoy. It was like his body had suddenly decided he didn't want to continue playing anymore and was now simply refusing to cooperate.

He tried swallowing but the next blow came, making him choke and gag slightly, a hot wave rushing up his nape into his head followed by a cold shudder and he was convinced he was going to throw up any moment, tears blurrying his vision and stomach tensing, unable to get air into his lungs. His vision went black for a moment with the next hit, forcing the words that had already been on the tip of his tongue out of his mouth.

"A-applepie!" he yelped, pausing for a moment to force back the bile rising up his throat, taking some choked breaths before he continued babbling in a panic, his mind unable to handle with how quickly things had turned and how his body was reacting all of the sudden. "Stop," he gasped. "Pl-lease, apple pie… a-apple pie...s-sto-op ple-ease," he mumbled into the sheets just to be sure Namjoon had heard him, needing to shut his mouth again and screwing his eyes shut in fear of another blow but nothing came much to his relief although he was more focused on not throwing up. He knew Namjoon wouldn't continue if he said his safeword, he had proven this every single time but he still couldn't help the slight rush of worry and fear of breaking out of character this abruptly.

Warm hands caressed his throbbing butt cheeks carefully, wandering across his back and up to his wrists to undo the cuffs. "Good job, baby," Namjoon murmured soothingly, stroking his sub's side with one hand and looking at him with concerned eyes, quickly sensing that something was wrong but kept reassuring the younger. "I'm proud of you for using your safeword, good job, you did so well." Yoongi only listened with one ear, feeling hot and cold again within seconds.

The cuffs opened and Namjoon carefully helped him to sit up but Yoongi felt even worse as soon as everything started to tilt, feeling like his eyes were crossing and his stomach protested. Without thinking he jumped down from the bed, wanting to run to the bathroom but hadn't calculated with the aftermath of the paddling

session he had just had, crying out at the pain and his legs wobbled, soon giving out.

He felt like dying and felt all the bile rising back up again, not really caring that he would slam into the ground, just wanting everything to go away.

Namjoon had quick reflexes though, always watching out for his sub and had already jumped off the bed and caught Yoongi, wrapping his arms around his waist and holding him up. The younger couldn't do anything to prevent it, throwing up right then and there, dry heaving and getting rid of everything he had eating that day. It wasn't a pretty sight, Yoongi coughing and gasping for air before the next wave hit him, trying to spit everything out and feeling tears run down his cheeks while droplets of sweat rolled down the side of his face and his nape. He was shaking all over and needed quite a while before he stopped gagging, convinced he would have dropped to the floor if it hadn't been for Namjoon holding him.

Namjoon…

The mint-haired whimpered pitifully, the sound nothing like the whimpers during their sessions and it broke the elder's heart. Yoongi was so humiliated, having backed out out of a scene and throwing up like this right after, not even able to get to the bathroom or holding himself up. His whole body shook and the tears wouldn't stop, sobs wracking his body and he buried his face into the elder's chest as soon as he had helped him straightening up again and turning around.

"Ssh, it's fine, honey it's fine. I'm here, it's over." The dom kissed the top of his sub's head, stroking his hair in a calming manner. "It's okay, I got you. Everything's fine, you did so well." He did his best to sooth the boy, his heart breaking as he listened to his cries and sobs. He didn't know where exactly the shift in Yoongi had happened and it looked like Yoongi wasn't quite sure himself. For now he shoved the worries to the back of his had and just tried to calm down the younger who was still sobbing uncontrollably, everything being too much for him at the moment so the older just let him cry, soothing him and stroking his hair while whispering comforting words into his ear.

It took quite a while for Yoongi to calm down, chest jerking with every choked up breath he took, wiping at his eyes clumsily and legs still shaking. He had this disgusting taste in his mouth, he was humiliated, in pain and completely exhausted, just wanting to close his eyes and make everything go away.

“Come on sweetie,” Namjoon whispered softly, carefully and gently dragging his sub to the bathroom because he couldn’t really get there on his own. He took a washcloth and wiped off the tears and sweat from the boy’s face and nape, praising him and whispering sweet, encouraging words the whole time. He prepared the younger’s toothbrush and needed to encourage him some more before he managed to start brushing his teeth, helping him to rinse him mouth and drink some water afterwards. He brushed the younger’s hair back and kissed his forehead, asking if he wanted to shower but Yoongi just shook his head, some more tears slipping from his eyes and taking shaky breaths.

The lawyer helped him back to the bedroom to get dressed in some loose clothes and tugged him under the covers, giving him a plushie which was for once accepted without complains. He opened the window to air out the room and quickly put on some gentle music so it wouldn’t be dead silent. He went to get a bucket and started cleaning up the mess on the floor, not really bothered by it and making quick work of wiping it all away, hoping Yoongi wasn’t sick and it had just been his body reacting wrongly because it had been overwhelmed. After cleaning everything he washed his hands and picked up a teddy bear from his closet, popping it in the microwave for two minutes because it was a cherry pit pillow disguised as a cute teddy bear he had seen online and hadn’t be able to resist buying - the younger loved it although he never admitted it - and brought it back to Yoongi as he went to get under the covers with him.

“Are you okay, Yoongi?” he asked after a little while of stroking the boy’s hair, getting a small nod in return. “I’m sorry I was so rough, I should have noticed something was wrong,” he apologized regretfully. “But I’m proud of you for using your safeword. You did really good.”

Yoongi just curled up a bit more and ducked his head, prone to trying to hide like a turtle in its shell whenever something hadn’t gone according to plan because he felt like it was his fault so the elder made sure to clarify that there was nothing bad about stopping a scene and it was better that way.

“Did I hurt you too much?” Namjoon continued to asked, wanting to make sure that his sub was really okay. He would never forgive himself if he hurt Yoongi in a manner he wasn’t comfortable with or hadn’t consented to even if it had been an accident. He was responsible for the younger and his mental as well as physical well being during playtime after all.

The younger shook his head meekly. “Just the last few,” he mumbled almost inaudibly, lips brushing against his dog plushie. “I like it rough… everything was fine a-and then… I don’t know what happened. I just… “ he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

“There doesn’t have to be a specific reason, honey,” Namjoon explained quietly. “It didn’t feel right so you used your safeword. It was the right choice and I’m glad you did it.”

The younger hummed softly, knowing how important it was for the other that he knew he could always use his safeword but he still felt a bit bad afterwards sometimes so it was good Namjoon always showered him with reassuring words and praise. “I-I’m sorry for throwing up like that… I don’t know what that was…” Yoongi mumbled, a bad kind of embarrassment rushing through his body again but Namjoon’s strong arms wrapping around his middle loosely as if not to hurt his stomach helped to soothe the feeling. “There is nothing to apologize for, love,” he said and kissed his lover’s nape. “I just want you to feel better, honey. We’ll see how you are in the morning. Hopefully you’ll feel better by then and this was just a hiccup.”

Yoongi hummed quietly and turned around with some difficulties, the warmth of the heated teddy bear now also spreading across Namjoon’s stomach. He snuggled closer to the older and listened to his heart beat which made him feel relaxed and fuzzy inside. “I love you,” he whispered and the older smiled, placing the boy’s head under his chin and running his free hand that wasn’t at his nape up and down his back slowly. “I love you too, pumpkin, I love you too.”

“Are you sure your butt is okay though? I didn’t make it hurt too bad, right? It’s still there, right?”

“Yeah, Namjoon, my butt’s fine,” Yoongi said quietly, trying to hide his faint smile by pressing his face into the elder’s chest.

“Okay… that’s good to know.”

“Do you maybe want another blanket?”

Yoongi sighed softly, wiggling slightly to get more comfortable. “No, it’s fine.”

“Okay…”

“Should I heat up your teddy again?”

“It’s fine,” The student dragged the last word slightly, just wanting to sleep and Namjoon kept on ruining his cuddle time.

“You sure? I don’t want your stomach to hurt.”

“‘S fine.”

“Okay… if you say so…”

“Wait, I think I should maybe heat it up again,” Namjoon was in the middle of getting up but Yoongi clawed onto his arms and held him down. “Joonie,” he whined. “Stay here. It’s fine.”

The lawyer didn’t look completely convinced, still slightly worried.. “Are you sure?”

The student sighed softly and snuggled closer again, raising one finger and pressing it against the elder’s lips to silence him, eyes almost closed. “Sshhh,” he whispered sleepily, adding a slightly slurred, “Sleep…” afterwards and smiling softly at the lack of a vocal response, taking the elder’s shirt hostage in his small fists and sighing contently, teddy still propped up against his stomach.

Namjoon blinked a few times owlishly before he had to smile and wrapped his arms around the younger again, holding him close. “You’re so cute,” he whispered, Yoongi already dozing off and just making a small noise in the back of his throat. “You’re gonna be the death of me at some point,” the lawyer sighed, unable to hide his

smile before tugging the student's head back under his chin and closing his eyes as well.

He would never get enough of this no matter what.

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